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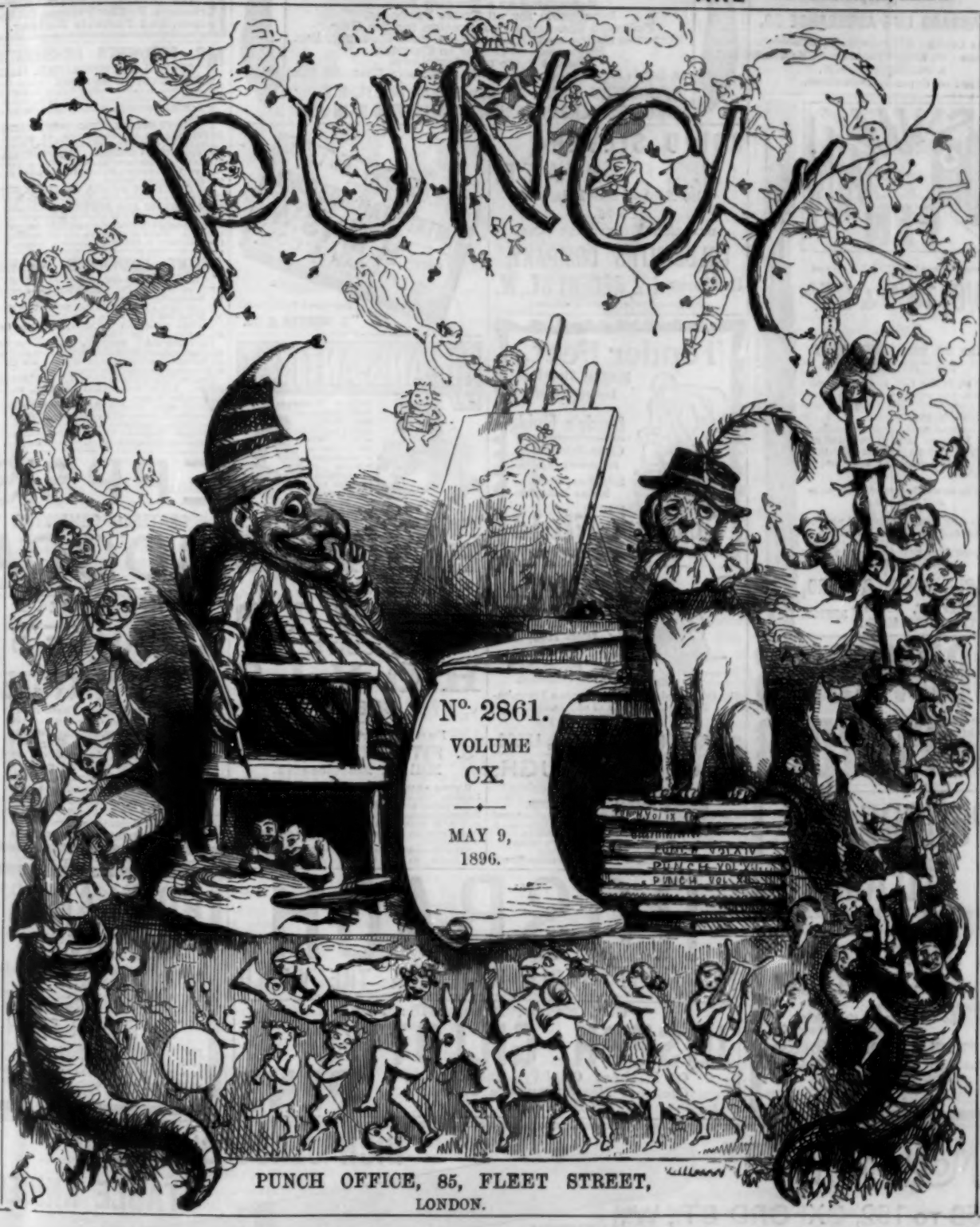

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HISTORY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SCENE—*Burlington House. Two* Critics *before the Picture of the Year.*

Male Critic. Now, this is quite the best thing in the show, in *my* opinion.

Female Critic. Oh, yes; very good indeed. But I have lost my catalogue—what *is* it about?

M. Cri. Scarcely wants any description, as it tells its own story. Don't you see RICHARD THE THIRD is wooing the late Queen?

Fem. Cri. Oh, yes. And who was the late King? Wasn't it HENRY THE FIFTH?

M. Cri. Was it? I almost forget. But didn't *he* win the Battle of Agincourt?

Fem. Cri. Yes, and that's where he killed RICHARD THE THIRD. Don't you remember, he cried out for a horse?

M. Cri. To be sure. But if RICHARD THE THIRD was killed by HENRY THE FIFTH, how could he be attending his conqueror's funeral? That sounds wrong somehow.

Fem. Cri. Not if the subject is taken from SHAKSPEARE. Wouldn't that be called "poetic licence"?

M. Cri. When one comes to think of it, I suppose it would. And then you see they are off to HENRY THE FIFTH'S Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

SONS OF THE POETICAL MUSE.

Robinson. "OH YES, WE 'VE GOT PLENTY OF PROMISING YOUNG BARDS. WHY, THERE 'S THE SON OF *DAVID*, AND THE SON OF *WAT*, AND THE SON OF *THOMP*, AND THE SON OF *DOB*; NOT TO MENTION THE SON OF *ROBIN*, IF I MAY MAKE SO BOLD!"

Grigson. "AND THE SON OF *GRIG*! BUT NONE OF US WILL EVER QUITE COME UP TO THE SON OF *TENNY*!"

Fem. Cri. HENRY THE SEVENTH you mean. Of course, how silly we have been! It is HENRY THE SEVENTH'S funeral—not HENRY THE FIFTH'S! And I suppose the lady to whom RICHARD is speaking must be one of HENRY'S Queens.

M. Cri. His widow, of course—CATHERINE PARR. You remember she survived him. But what is RICHARD THE THIRD doing with *her*?

Fem. Cri. He was Duke of GLOUCESTER then, because surely MARY came after HENRY THE EIGHTH. Didn't she? And wasn't HENRY THE EIGHTH the Royal Bluebeard?

M. Cri. Ah, to be sure, so he was! Then it wouldn't have been *his* funeral.

Fem. Cri. No, perhaps not. But, whoever it is, the picture is, as you say, capital.

M. Cri. No doubt about *that*. And it doesn't matter which King it is, considering he is dead.

Fem. Cri. Yes. And it is better he *should* be dead, when his widow so soon commences a flirtation! [*The Critics pass on, and the scene closes in with a chorus of approval.*

FRENCH INFLUENCE AGAIN.—An important member of the Burmese troupe at the Crystal Palace is a caster of horoscopes. His name is MOUNG GYER. Surely it should be MOUNG SEER.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(*For Ladies only.*)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Your reproaches are not wholly reasonable. I have been silent because I flatter myself that I am not an idle tittle-tattler. *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.* In a word, I am not *chiffonniere* to the extent of some of my colleagues, who think nothing of intruding themselves unbidden into circles with which they have neither soot nor lot. There is Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, for instance, of *The Grand Duchess* (her *nom de plume* is "Sweet Seventeen," though to my certain knowledge she has worn a *toupet* for a quarter of a century), *she* presented herself at the Countess of COCKALEKKIE'S reception the other night without having received the necessary card of invitation, and by her Fouché-like proceedings was enabled to give a tolerably correct account of the *toilettes* which foregathered. But how she could have been deceived by Lady SHUTTLECOCK'S tiara of false diamonds passes my understanding! It is well known that the real stones have for long been in the custody of that eminent judge of gems Mr. MEDICI KONK, most of whose unredeemed pledges of misplaced confidence are well worth the attention of artistic *connaisseurs*. On my last visit to his establishment (I, of course, did not wish to consult him *professionally*) I was especially attracted by——* However, to revert to Mrs. FROUFROU-DABB, I can only suppose that sooner or later she will reap the reward of her *outrecuidance*, and be forcibly removed from some fashionable assembly by one of those *chasseurs* (dear Lord ARTHUR calls them in his quaint old *patois* "chuckers-out") who guard the portals of the stately homes of England.

"BLABEITE," of *The Peri*—her real name is MARY ANNE WINKLE—is, to my mind, quite as impertinently obtrusive as is Mrs. DABB, only her method is quite different. Mrs. F. D. (*quelle décadence de nom!*) is a sort of female Prince RUPERT, and charges into the ranks of Society on the slightest provocation; Miss WINKLE subdues opposition by the feigned artlessness of the *ingénue*. She manages, by her time-serving humility, to scrape acquaintance with the great and omnipotent. She began by intriguing at charity bazaars, where she would work for the Duchesses and other eminent stall-holders like a slave born and bred, and never tired of going about with sofa cushions and smoking-caps for the (illegal) purpose of a raffle. Papa, who is rather *myope*, says that she is pretty, with a Greuze expression. I suggested that he was an excellent judge of *painting*, as applied to the fair sex. I could see that he quailed beneath my repartee, though he answered "Charity begins at home," one of those pitiful thrusts which only a father, and that father an Englishman, could direct against his own flesh and blood. I sarcastically recommended him to get a new *lorgnon* from the eminent Mr. SEEBRIGHT,* and so the matter ended. Meanwhile Miss WINKLE pursues her career of sycophant prying with a success which may be accounted for by her too frequent praise of the doings and raiment of certain *grandes dames*, whose good nature has been exploited at the expense of good grammar. I could give you a dozen instances, *ma mie*, of the way in which an honourable profession is degraded to the level of a self-assertive trade, which is brought before the public by a ravenous *meute* of female Paul Prys. For myself, I am conscious that, when I am privileged to record the exquisite taste of this or that *châtelaine* of our *fin-de-siècle mœurs*, I am as impartial as when I am devoting my time, my pen, my paper and my brains to the judicious exaltation of some hard-working sister, whose name is not, and cannot be, associated with the *Court Circular*.

Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

* We have substituted the name of our own oculist, as in duty bound, for that of the optician recommended by KADJ.—ED.

* Mr. MEDICI KONK is an old and valued friend of ours, and we are sure that he would be the first to protest against the disclosing of the secrets of his jewel house. We have therefore suppressed our correspondent's subsequent reference to his stock-in-trade.—ED.

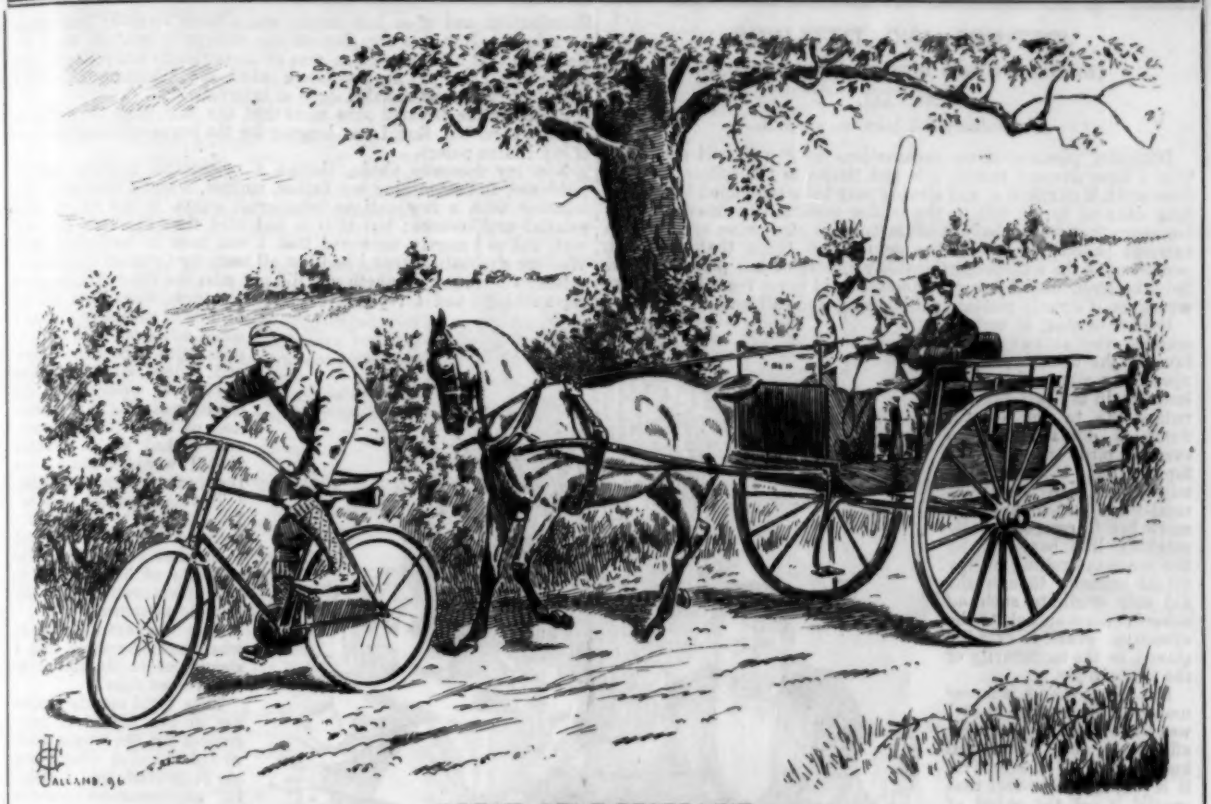
THE HAIR UN-APPARENT.—*A propos* of the Wyndham celebration last week, there appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* for Saturday, May 2, a portrait of the actor "in the uniform of the U. S. Army," which was described as "an early photograph." The photo was so early and so rapid, that the likeness was produced *with only half a moustache*; the other half probably not having had time to grow during the operation. This deficiency allows the future comedian to exhibit more cheek than would have been otherwise shown; and this, perhaps, may be characteristic.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. BARLOW is standing for Frome. It is to be hoped that Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON will enable their old friend to obtain a seat.

THE MILKMAID OF COWES.

G-rm-n Emp-r-r. "THEN I 'LL NOT YACHT WITH YOU, MY PRETTY MAID." *Milkmaid.* 'NOBODY AX'D YOU, SIR! SHE SAID."

[The German Emperor has decided not to attend the Cowes meeting.]



GREAT SELF-RESTRAINT.

Lady in Pony-cart (who has made several unsuccessful attempts to pass persevering beginner occupying the whole road). "UNLESS YOU SOON FALL OFF, SIR, I'M AFRAID I SHALL MISS MY TRAIN!"

LATEST STYLE IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.*

My readers will doubtless expect from me a full account of Herr THUMPOFFSKI's opening concert. It took place on Tuesday last, and on that evening I had dined at the house of an hospitable friend, who insisted, however, on my eating *suprême de volaille*—a dish which never did agree with me. Why is it that an ordinary English cook, &c., &c. . . . (*A lengthy gastronomic paragraph is omitted here.*) . . . So it was in rather an unamiable frame of mind that I betook myself about nine o'clock to St. James's Hall, intending to hear the last half of the programme. The cab in which I made my journey almost ran over a passing bicyclist. In my opinion, bicyclists, &c. . . . (*The question is discussed here at some length.*) . . . But to resume my account of the concert. I worked my way carefully to my stall, and began to look around me. In front was an old lady with a peculiarly hideous red dress. That particular shade always makes me quite ill. Just behind me two young ladies discussed between the pieces the ethics of flirtation with charming candour . . . (*A full report of their conversation follows.*) . . . Then I betook myself to the study of my programme. Before I had arrived someone had sung, "*Waft Her, Angels.*" Now, although I hate digressions, I must be allowed to quote a charming story I heard lately in connection with that aria. . . . (*Twenty lines of rapid anecdote are here omitted.*) . . . The British Public likes HANDEL, which is only another proof of the British Public's folly. . . . (*The superior merits of the Wagner school are here demonstrated at some length.*) . . . But all through the evening I felt displeased with my environment. Was I influenced by the *suprême de volaille?* Suddenly I seemed to see . . . (*Thirty lines are here deleted.*) . . . Anyhow, when I awoke, &c., &c. . . . (*Twenty lines of reflections on dream omitted.*) . . . Still musing upon it, I lit my cigarette; and, squeezing my way with some difficulty through the crowd of Philistines, left the Hall, and went home to bed.

Such was Professor THUMPOFFSKI's first concert; and, if I have seemed to describe it at unreasonable length, it is only because I wish it to be clearly understood that it was momentous—an artistic event of the first magnitude. Prolixity well may be forgiven when its cause is the advancement of Art.

I almost forgot to mention that some people, whose names I forget, played the piano, and sang, in the course of the evening.

* We have found it necessary to make a few excisions in this article. The nature of the omissions is noted in the course of it.—ED.

JOURNALISM MADE EASY.

Advice to Novices.—Always have on hand "paragraphs"; thus:—

(1) "Yesterday being the (*here fill in number*) anniversary of the natal day of H.R.H. (*insert name of Personage*), a Royal Salute was fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Park, and the bells of St. George's Chapel rang out a merry peal."

Mem.—Vary with "The Royal borough was *en fête*," and describe weather.

(2) "The noblemen and gentlemen who are students at Eton College have broken up for the (*Christmas, Easter, or Midsummer*) vacation. The collegians reassemble on (*give date*)."

Mem.—Vary with, "The school list now includes a roll-call of (*give number*) Oppidans and King's Scholars."

(3) "According to ancient custom the Queen's Bounty was yesterday (Maunday Thursday) distributed to a number of deserving poor persons by (*give name of almoner*) at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The little silver coins commanded a ready sale outside the sacred edifice."

Mem.—Occasionally describe purchasers of coins as "travelled Americans," and "ardent numismatists."

(4) "As usual, Lord Mayor's Day and the Prince of WALES's Birthday were celebrated together; and, in honour of the latter event, many of the leading tradesmen of the West-End displayed brilliant illuminations to the thousands who thronged the streets. We especially noticed the decorations presented by (*here give selected names*)."

Mem.—The devices being always the same, it is as well not to give too minute a description of the designs; but a great deal may be left to the imagination.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XII.

Mr. Jabberjee is taken by surprise.

DILIGENT perusers of my lucubrations to *Punch* will remember that I have devoted sundry jots and tittles to the subject of Miss JESSIMINA MANKLETOW, and already may have concluded that I was long since up to the hilt in the tender passion. In this deduction, however, they would have manufactured a stentorian cry from an extreme paucity of wool; the actual fact being that, although percipient of the well-proportionate symmetry of her person and the ladylike liveliness of her deportment, I did never regard her except with eyes of strictly platonic philandering and calf love.

It is true that, at certain seasons, the ostentatious favours she would squander upon other young masculine boarders in my presence did reduce me to the doleful dump of despair, so that even the birds and beasts of forest shed tears at my misery, and frequently at meal-times I have sought to move her to compassion by neighing like horse, or by the incessant rolling of my visual organs; though she did only attribute such *ad misericordiam* appeals to the excessive gravity of the cheese, or the immaturity of the rhubarb pie.

But I was then a labourer under the impression that I was the odd man out of her affections, and it is well known that, to a sensitive, it is intolerable to feel that oneself is not the object of adoration, even to one to whom we may entertain but a mediocre attraction.

On a recent evening we had a *tête-à-tête* which culminated in the utter surprise. It was the occasion of our hebdomadal dancing-party at Portiobello House, and I had solicited her to become a co-partner with myself in the maziness of a waltz; but, not being the carpet-knight, and consequently treading the measure with too great frequency upon the toes of my fair auxiliary, she suggested a temporary withdrawal from circulation.

To which I assenting, she conducted me to a landing whereon was a small glazed apartment, screened by hangings and furnished with a profusion of unproductive pots, which is styled the conservatory, and here we did sit upon two wicker-worked chairs, and for a while were mutually *sotto voce*.

"I became once more the silent tomb."

Presently I, remarking with corner of eye the sumptuousness of her appearance, and the supercilious indifference of her demeanour, which made it seem totally improbable that she should ever, like *Desdemona*, seriously incline to treat me as an *Othello*, commenced to heave the sighs of a fire-stove, causing Miss JESSIMINA to accuse me of desiring myself in India.

I denied this with native hyperbolism, saying that I was content to remain in *statu quo* until the doom cracked, and that the conservatory was for me the equivalent of Paradise.

She replied that its similitude to Paradise would be more startling if a larger proportion of the pots had contained plants, and if such plants as there were had not fallen into such a lean and slippered stage of decrepitude, adding that she did perpetually urge her mamma to incur the expense of some geranium-blooms and a few fairy-lamps, but she had refused to run for such adornments.

And I, with spontaneous gallantry, retorted that she was justified in such parsimony, since her daughter's eyes supplied such fairy illumination, and upon her cheeks was a bloom brighter than many geraniums. But this compliment she unhappily mistook as an insinuation that her complexion was of meretricious composition, and seeing that I had put my foot into a *cul-de-sac*, I became once more the silent tomb, and exhaled sighs at intervals.

Presently she declared once more that she saw, from the dullness of my expression, that I was longing for the luxurious magnificence of my Indian palace.

Now my domestic abode, though a respectable spacious sort of residence, and containing my father, mother, married brothers, &c., together with a few antique unmarried aunts, is not at all of a palatial architecture; but it is a bad bird that blackens his own nest, and so I merely answered that I was now so saturated with Western civilisation, that I had lost all taste for Oriental splendours.

Next she inquired whether I did not miss the tiger-shooting and pig-sticking; and I replied (with veraciousness, since I am not the *au fait* in such sports) that I could not deny a liability to miss both tigers and pigs, and, indeed, all animals that were *feræ naturæ*, and she condemned the hazardousness of these jungle sports, and wished me to promise that I would abstain from them on my return to India.

To this I replied that before I agreed to such a self-denying ordinance, I desired to be more convinced of the sincerity of her interest in the preservation of my humble existence.

Miss JESSIMINA asked what had she done that I should be in dubitation as to her *bona fides*?

Then I did meekly remind her of her flirtatious preferences for the young beef-witted London chaps, and her incertitude and disdainful capriciousness towards myself, who was not a beetle-head or an obtuse, but a cultivated native gentleman with high-class university degree, and an oratorical flow of language which was infallibly to land me upon the pinnacle of some tip-top judicial preferment in the Calcutta High Court of Justice.

She made the excuse that she was compelled by financial reasons to be pleasant to the male boarders, and that I could not expect any marked favouritism so long as I kept my tongue concealed inside my damask cheek like a worm in bud.

Upon which, transported by uncontrollable emotion, I ventured to embrace her, assuring her that she was the cynosure of my neighbouring eyes, and supplied the vacuum and long-felt want of my soul, and while occupied in imprinting a chaste salute upon her rosebud lips—who'd have thought it! her severe matronly parent popped in through the curtains and, surveying me with a cold and basilican eye, did demand my intentions.

Nor can I tell what I should have responded, seeing that I had acted from momentary impulsiveness and feminine encouragement, had not Miss JESSIMINA, with ready-made female wit, answered for me that it was all right, and that we were the engaged couple.

But her mother expressed an ardent desire to hear my *viva voce* corroboration of this statement, informing me that she was but a poor weak widow-woman, but that, if it should appear that I was merely the giddy trifler of her daughter's young, artless affections, it would be her dolesome duty to summon instantaneously every male able-bodied inmate of her establishment, and request them to inflict deserved corporal chastisement upon my person!

So, although still of a twitter with amazement at Miss JESSIMINA's announcement, I considered it the better part of valour to corroborate it with promptitude, rather than incur the shocking punches

and kicks of numerous athletic young commercials; and, upon hearing the piece of good news, Mrs. MANKLETOW exploded into lachrymation, saying that she was divested of narrow-minded racial colour prejudices, and had from the first regarded me as a beloved son.

Then, blessing me, and calling me her Boy, she clasped me against her bosom, where, owing to the exuberant redundancy of her ornamental jetwork, my nose and chin received severe laceration and disfigurement, which I endured courageously, without a whimper.

When I have grown more accustomed to being the lucky dog, I shall commence cocka-hooping, and become merry as a grig. At the present moment I am only capable of wonderment at the unpremeditated rapidity with which such solemn concerns as betrothals are knocked off in this country.

But if, as *Macbeth* says, such jobs are to be done at all, then it is well they were done quickly.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A LAWN TENNIS MARTYR WITH REFERENCE TO "THAT MAN."

THE net is ready for the fray,
(The first of all the year,)
I wait to hear your cry of "Play"
To "take" the bounding sphere.
Yet why is it you won't begin?
Have you some other plan?
Does it amuse you there to spin
Your racquet round That Man?

The lazy looseness of your dress
Belies your active wrist;
Not Atalanta's suppleness
Could serve your cunning "twist."
And still without a sign of you
That empty court I scan;
It's not a pleasant sight to view
When bounded by That Man.

I pat the ball aloft for fun,
A cut or two I try,
But "single dummy" soon is done
When "double dummy" 's nigh.
Will you that conference not end?—
Your bat is not a fan:—
Now speaking to you as a friend,
I should distrust That Man!

A little loon with curl'd moustache,
Of no athletic type!
The sort of cad, who talks of "mash,"
And dare not smoke a pipe!
At last you 've finished! Boy! the ball!
Make music, great god Pan!—
Not going to have a game at all!
Tripp'd off! And with That Man!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" — Sometimes there *is* something in a name. For instance, the picturesque and apparently harmless one of Pentremoch, a village in Flintshire, contains more than meets the eye of mortal man unversed in the Welsh tongue; for in this language "Pentremoch" signifies nothing less than "Pigs' Village." We are not surprised to learn, therefore, from the *Liverpool Daily Press*, that the inhabitants of the place are clamouring at their Parish Council to "give it a name" other than its present appellation. Yet "Pigs' Village" would seem a sufficiently appropriate name for a *hamlet*. Perhaps, when "Pentremoch" is discarded, it may still find a resting-place and "pan out well" on the shores of Lake Michigan—as a synonym for "Porkopolis"!

UNLICENSED PEDALLERS.—Cyclists.

Passenger (*rising politely*). "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS?"
New Woman. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO."
Passenger (*resuming seat*). "OH WELL, THEN STAND UP FOR 'EM!"

TIPS FOR CRITICS.

IF you want a great *casus belli*,
If you would be thumped to a jelly,
Just *dare* to suggest
That *the* greatest and best
In the world is *not* MARIE CORELLI!
If you would be blown from a cannon,
Or drowned in the Thames or the Shannon,
Just venture to hint
That in all British print
There's a bigger than ROBERT BUCHANAN!
But if you'd be ranked with old buffers,
And solace a Public which suffers
From egotists' "blow,"
Just successfully show
They're a couple of quarrelsome duffers!
Then ROB will be-rate and be-yelp you,
Then MARIE will scout, scold, and skelp you;
Whilst people of sense,
With compassion immense,
Most devoutly will pray "heaven help you!"

FORTHCOMING WORK ON DRAMA OF THE DAY.—*The Gusher* by *The Geisha*.

CHARLES OUR FRIEND!

MR. PUNCH presents his congratulations to Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM on the successful celebration of his tercentenary—no, that was WILLIE SHAKESPEARE—of his twentieth year of good management. He should have waited just another twelvemonths and made it twenty-one years completed. But at all events Master CHARLEY is now in his twenty-first year, which is the age of discretion. Henceforth he will be a responsible person. "*Ite ad astra*," CHARLES, and take your place among the theatrical stars; a first-class place of which you may well be proud, though never let it be said, "CHARLES 's Wain!" and may the day be long distant when CHARLES is on the wane. *Prosit, Magister Carolus!*

Epitaph on an Artistic Failure.

MEN said of him "The ball was at his feet,"
The goal (of Art) he thought in sight he saw;
Yet in life's match he mostly met defeat
And ended early in "a pointless draw."

CHANCE PLAYMATES.

(75° *in the Shade.*)

Effie (to Right Reverend Stranger, who has been very good-naturedly p'aying at ball with her for the last half-hour). "AND NOW I 'VE GOT TO GO IN, I'M SORRY TO SAY. SO I 'M AFRAID YOU 'LL HAVE TO GO ON PLAYING ALL BY YOURSELF!"

LONDON LACKPENNY;

OR, THE BITTER CRY OF THE RATE-CRUSHED COCKNEY.

(*A very long way after John Lydgate.*)

["The Bill would be a class measure, pure and simple, designed to benefit one peculiar kind of property at the expense of all others, transferring the burdens of one class to the shoulders of the general community, and appropriating national funds now enjoyed by the whole community."—*Mr. George Whiteley on the Agricultural Land Rating Bill.*]

In London all my life is spent.
But trade is bad, and my heart doth faint.
I am eaten up by my rates and rent,
And in vain doth a Cockney raise complaint.
A poor shopkeeper should be a saint.
The Stores and monopolists play it low
On me, till my trade is but little good.
Yet *I* must pay every penny I owe.
(By the living Jingo, I wish I could!)
Keen competition and trade falsehood
Grind me 'twixt cut and co-operate greed,
Till for lack of money I may not speed!

"Pity the poor!" men say, indeed,
But for lack of money I may not speed!

I am thrust aside the press among,
For I am not forward at raising a row.
The working-man, he is loud and strong,
And the bumpkin 's good at the big bow-wow.
Of half his rates they 'd relieve *him* now.
But *my* "depression" they do not heed,
And for lack of money I may not speed!

Of the Rural Ratepayer they raise great rout,
But the Rural Landlord *must* raise his rent!
So I more money must fain fork out
To help ratepayers in Surrey and Kent.
I must pay *my* rates and appear content.
And it seems a hantle of *theirs*, indeed,
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

Now Mr. CHAPLIN, with cheek immense,
Wants me to plump further the Chancellerie,
Though my income-tax is at present eight pence!
But none of the big wigs regard poor me,
For I do not kick up a shine, you see.
If I do not holloa, they do not heed,
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

At Westminster there is hardly one
Who gives the poor cockney of hope a ray.
To help the farmers and squires is fun,
Whilst I, poor pilgarlic, must up and pay!
Or the rate-collector will have his way,
And my last half-crown, or my goods, indeed.
Though for lack of money I may not speed!

Within that House neither Rad nor Tory
Will do for me aught, although I should die.
With the rural lot 'tis another story,
For CHAPLIN heedeth the country cry;
And I—poor townsman—must help them!
—Why?
My back is well-nigh broken, indeed,
And for lack of money I may not speed!

NOT ON VIEW AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

COLLECTION of British Comic Songs on the subject of the EMPEROR'S telegram to KRÜGER.

Press cuttings of English journals commenting on the KAISER'S diplomacy.

Answer to the despatch congratulating Professor MAX MÜLLER on the success of Oxford in the boat-race.

Original of the letter supposed to have been written by one Illustrious Personage to another Illustrious Personage in reply to an alleged essay on "The Extraction of the Yoke of Eggs by Suction."

List of engagements of H.I.M. for the day after to-morrow.

Vote of thanks to H.I.M. from all the University Professors, Bandmasters, Theatrical Managers, Ecclesiastical Authorities, Artists, and Experts in other branches of Art, Science, Theology, and Commerce living in Germany.

Letters of cordial goodwill from Illustrious Personages to the Head of the Family, thanking H.I.M. for giving them an opportunity of leaving Berlin with a view to a lengthy sojourn elsewhere.

And, finally, current number of *Punch, or the London Charivari.*

REAL RECIPROCITY.

A Suggestion to Mr. Chaplin.

SOME islanders 'tis understood
(Wit's freakish fancy why be quashing?)
Earned a precarious livelihood
By taking in each other's washing!
O CHAPLIN mine, financier fine,
Friend of the interest tooralooral,
Here is a hint as plain as print
Whereby our votes you may secure all.
It must commend itself, and will,
To urban *and* bucolic pates,
If you arrange, by a new Bill,
We all shall pay each other's rates!

FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.—"SIR,—*A propos* of your 'Common or Garden Rhymes' in last week's number, may I suggest to you that when 'Pairs' come in, 'Gooseberries' are off?

"Yours, DUC DE BERRI."

"DISARMED!"

Ld. S-l-sb-ry (*Past Maître d'Armes, aside to Mr. Punch, as they watch the fencing-bout between Mr. Ch-mb rl-n and Pres.dent Kr-g r*). "HUM! JOE'S STYLE'S A TRIFLE '*TOO OPEN*.' THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THE 'OLD SCHOOL' AFTER ALL!"

NEW REGULATION FOR THE SAFETY OF BICYCLISTS.

A MAN WITH RED FLAG MUST PRECEDE ALL HORSEMEN.

AUTHOR BAITING AND ITS REMEDY.

(*Perorations of the Press—Past and Prophetic.*)

. . . . The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the approbation was repeated as each performer walked in turn in front of the footlights. At length there was a cry for "Author." For a quarter of an hour that gentleman was conspicuous by his absence. When, however, he did appear, the yells of derision of a small minority were sufficient to overwhelm the more favourable demonstration of the vast majority. But disorderly as the audience were, they were no worse than many a first night gathering in a West End temple of the drama.

* * * *

. . . . The judge having retired to his private room after delivering sentence, there was a demonstration in court, which lasted for some minutes. The jury cheered to the echo, and, fancying that they might require further assistance, his lordship returned to the bench. Then several persons at the back of the court commenced "bo-hooing," and only desisted when the judge had made his final disappearance. For all that, his lordship had nobly done his duty.

* * * *

. . . . To the vast majority of the congregation the address of the eloquent ecclesiastic was entirely satisfactory. However, the reverend gentleman had scarcely retired to the vestry before there was a clamour for his reappearance. Two prominent persons in a front pew led the demonstration. The worthy clergyman, upon hearing the noise, looked out from behind the vestry door, when immediately there was heard the sound of hissing. And such is the portion of an orator at the close of the nineteenth century!

* * * *

. . . . In conclusion, much may be said in favour of the new "Bill to Prevent Insults to Authors in Theatres, &c." On the other hand, it is only proper to point out that had the British Public sufficient self-respect, the coming statute would be unnecessary. With a right understanding on the subject, the truculent pitite and the graceless gallery boy would, on such occasion, both find an appropriate bath in the horse-pond.

FAIR WEATHER PROFITS.—Those attached to the show at Earl's Court.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

[Lord LEIGHTON's house, pervaded by the spirit of a man and an artist, whose whole life was noble, dignified, and beautiful, filled with some of the most precious artistic treasures in the country, would make an ideal centre of interest. *Westminster Budget.*]

A HAUNTED house! Yet not by spooks and sprites,
Like Hood's grim mansion, is this great house haunted.
'Tis a House Beautiful, home of delights,
Ennobling memories, and charms enchanted.
Here LEIGHTON lived, and garnered what he loved,
All shapes of splendour, and all forms of beauty.
Its master, now to loftier realms removed,
Leaves his loved home, and to his land a duty.
We miss, this May, his presence bland, benign,
Gone from the home he reared, the halls he dowered
With daintiest decoration, high design;
And now another London May hath flowered,
His halls are desolate; the fountain sprays
Its mounting silver, but his voice is mute.
Must it fade out, the light of brighter days,
The loss of LEIGHTON's home be absolute?
Were it not gracious work, and generous gain,
To save this shrine of Art from desecration,
The huckster and the hammer? It were pain
To see it lost to our Art-lacking nation.
Enough hath Babylon of the dreary and dull,
Ugliness lays grim hands our civic state on.
The purchase of this new House Beautiful
Were honour both to London and to LEIGHTON.

"Pikes and Bikes."

(*By a "Riding" Poet.*)

In years gone by our sires would try
To abrogate the highway "pikes."
No tolls to-day, can bar the way,
But freeing of the road brought "bikes";
And there are many Northern Tykes,
Who would prefer the "pikes" to "bikes."

MORE DEPRESSION!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want, with your permission, to ventilate (odious word!) a real rural grievance. In all large towns "lifts" are coming in; but have you ever noticed how they are going out in the country? I am an old pedestrian hand, and very often should be only too thankful for a lift in some kind of conveyance on the last few miles of my road; yet, you will hardly credit it, *never am I offered one!*

Now why is this? In old novels one is always reading of somebody—usually the fair heroine—getting a "cast in a waggon." Where is dat waggon now? Of course, I don't mean that a comfortable dog-cart would not be infinitely preferable to any waggon ever invented; but neither the one nor the other thinks of offering a "cast."

Somebody may argue that it 's due to there being so few traps on country roads; but no, there are heaps, and the drivers all seem in such a hurry they don't even give a glance at a poor wayfarer. Talk of rural quiet! The rush and tear along country roads is worse than in town.

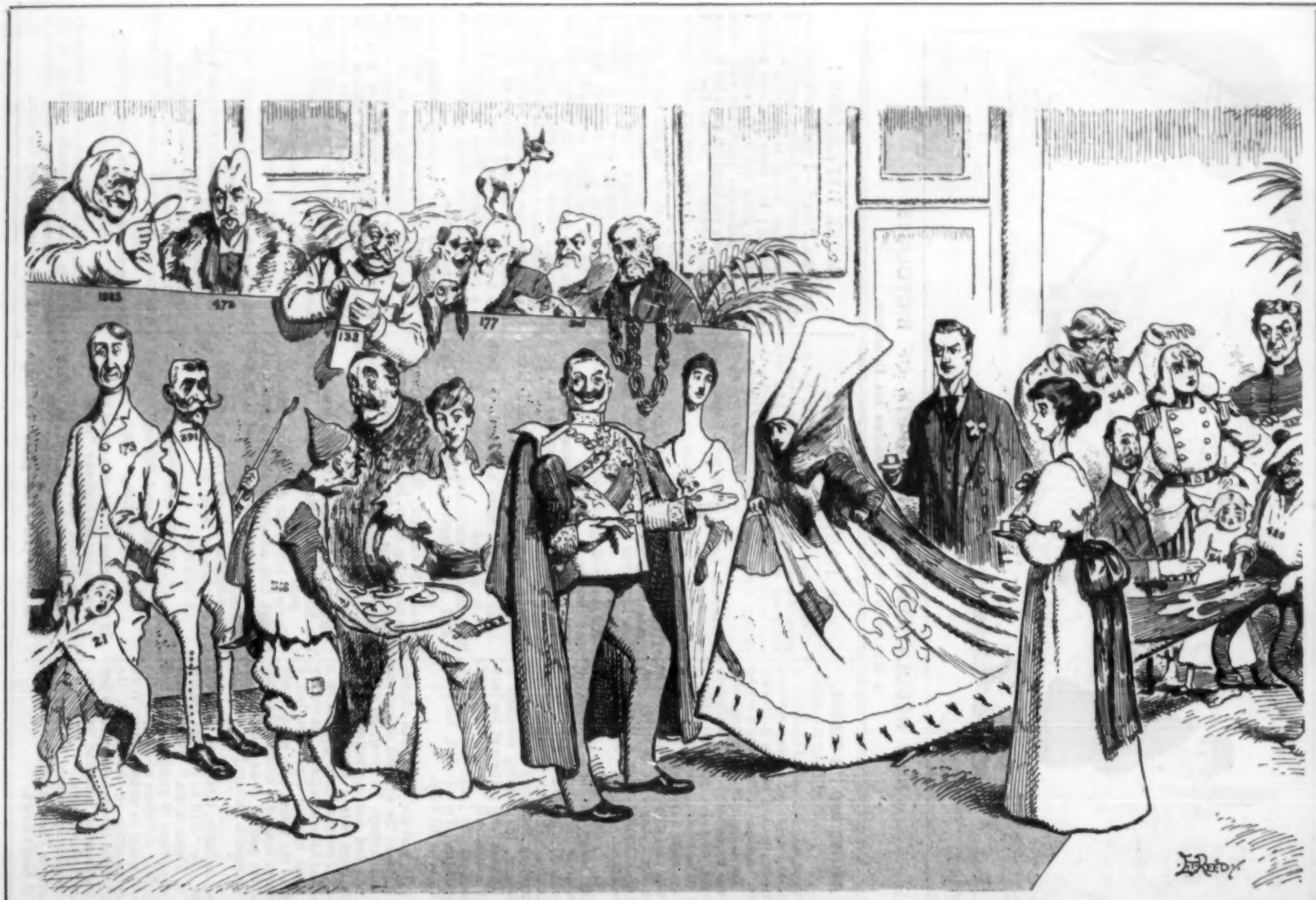
I don't ask that *everybody* walking along a lane should be offered a friendly seat; only the obviously respectable, and as obviously tired, traveller has a claim. Even in this age of tramps, cycles, high rates, &c., the old rural civility need not be allowed to die out. Mr. CHAPLIN has given the farmer a lift. Let the farmer do the same for the poor toiler of the roads! LONG LANE.

A Nursery Grace.

["The Dowager Duchess of ABERCORN has now 120 descendants."]

MR. PUNCH understands that your Grace
Of descendants can reckon six score.
Gentle lady, he hopes that your race
May continue to give you yet more.
And that they in their turn and in fulness of Time
May consistently score in a nursery rhyme.

INEXPLICABLE MODESTY.—Lord DUFFERIN claims to have the "smallest volume in the world." Nevertheless, we shall continue to look upon him as a very big man.



A ROYAL ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(THE MORE ANIMATED OF THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR, WEARING THEIR "NUMBERS," LEAVE THEIR FRAMES AND ENJOY A LITTLE SOCIAL GATHERING ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.)

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 2. "With a song" probably. By GREIFFENHAGEN after WHISTLER.

No. 27. "*A Legal Fiction.*" (John) Doe and (Richard) Roe nibbling at an apple tree. ROBERT W. MACBETH, A.

No. 33. "*Clouds o'er the Sea.*" Remarkable picture of High Tide by WATER-LOW. *See—Waterlow.*

No. 47. "*The Widower.*" By J. B. BURGESS, R.A. But for title should have described it as "*A Ticklish Situation,*" showing how a poor man in church held his nose to prevent himself from disturbing the congregation by a violent sneeze.

No. 48. A lovely "*Dish of Prawns,*" taken by a HOOK, R.A. Odd this. Prawns being generally taken by a net.

The SARGENT A., who is a General Portrait Painter of the First Order of Merit, gives us "*The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.,*" 64! But JOSEPH can't be that! somewhere about 50 would be nearer the mark. Of course he has an orchid in his buttonhole, and is probably reading President KRÜGER's reply, and saying to himself, "This is rather an orchid position for me!" Above his head Miss ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD has hung (65) "*Chrysanthemums,*" which, if she had only thought of it, ought to have been orchids.

The "*Reflections*" of W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., (71) are charming. The "Empire" style has long ago proved, for him at least, the truth of the saying, "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" or, translated, "It is the Empire style that pays."

No. 83. Mr. SHANNON's *Mrs. Baird* is charming. Another and equally correct title would be "Missis Clothed," *not* "Missis BAIRD."

Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has given us an excellent likeness of *Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Sculptor.* Only WATTS's colours ran; so the dye has come off poor GILBERT's tie and has stained his collar, which has therefore the appearance of having been made out of a reproduction, in linen, of the willow-pattern-plate tint.

No. 99. *Portrait of Mrs. Frank Bibby.* By LUKE FILDES, R.A. Decidedly "One of the Best." Motto, words of popular song adapted—"Jolly! O my! and the Bibby!"

No. 105. "*Golden October.*" By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. To be classed not among "the Sorrows" but the "Joys of WHIRTER."

No. 111. *Stanley Leighton, M.P.*, apparently considerably astonished at finding himself so admirably reproduced by our own Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

No. 121. Touching picture, by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., of nurse taking out invalid child just convalescent. "HUBERT" was always kindly towards children. Witness his treatment of little *Prince Arthur. Vide* SHAKSPEARE's *King John.*

No. 138. *Monsieur de Blowitz.* By BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Is this a gift of the painter's to Our Leading Journal, which M. DE BLOWITZ has so long and so admirably served? If so, the inscription should be "*Constant to the Times.*"

With these few notes must end our first visit. We are delighted to see the veteran SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., at his best in 171, "*Among the Mountains in Skye,*" but of course not "skye'd." Also FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., getting away from Egypt, an unsafe place just now, to give us an English scene in "*The Shepherdess and her Flock.*" It is difficult for a Good-all to "go one better," but he has done it. We call attention to President MILLAIS' "*Marchioness of Tweeddale*" (280), which, as a speaking likeness, is not "Tweeddale-dumb."

SEYMOUR LUCAS makes "*Spanish Main*" tell its own Spanish tale. See more LUCAS in our next.

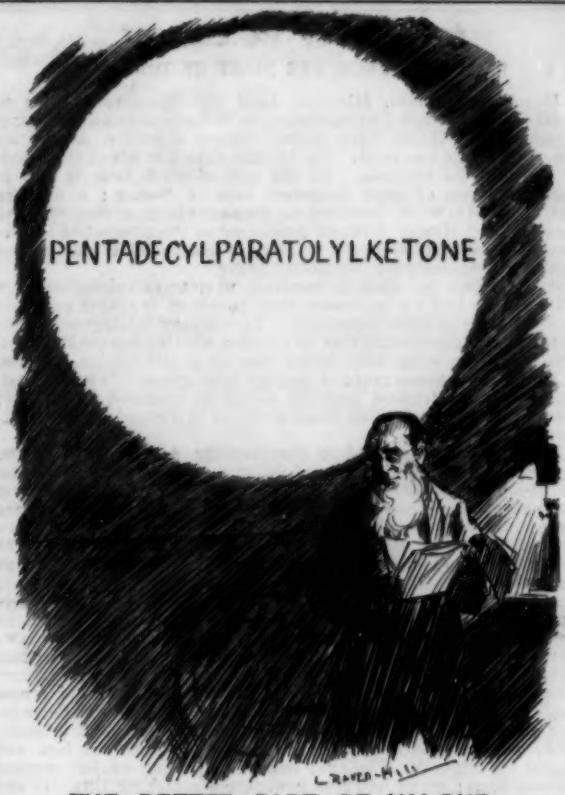
No. 616. "*Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne.*" Another title, "*Dick and Anne: or, the Double Gloucester who thinks himself quite the Cheese, and the Lady who has just lost a Sovereign.*" Had the artist needed a line of popular verse he would have used "Dick awry! Dick awry! Dock!" For, if ever villain ought to have ended in a dock, and been found guilty, it was that accomplished scoundrel, "afterwards RICHARD THE THIRD." A marvellous work by EDWIN A. ABBEY, A. This will be the talk of the public. The scene is in London, probably in the vicinity of Westminster, the situation being from *Richard the Third*, Act I., scene 1, and will entitle the American artist to be remembered ever after as "Westminster Abbey." This is *the* picture of the year. Most certainly it is the very Abbeyest of "Abbey Thoughts."

The Blush of Spring.

["As a whole, I believe Spring blushes for warmth."—*Mr. Grant Allen.*]

"THE blush of Spring" doth sound a pleasant thing.
But if for "warmth" she blushes, proof is ample,
That unto some who write and some who sing
Spring sets a good example.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE "SEC."—"The Pop of a Champagne Cork is, to a thirsty soul, the best practical illustration of Fizzical Force." *Dernier mot de Pommery à son Gré*—No?—*si.*



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

Lecturer (at our Penny Reading). "THESE RAYS, WHEN ALLOWED TO FALL UPON PAPER THAT HAS BEEN SATURATED WITH CERTAIN CHEMICALS, NAMELY, SULPHIDE OF CALCIUM, AND—AND PENTA—ER—PENT—A—DE—ER——PERHAPS IT WILL BE MORE SATISFACTORY IF THE GENTLEMAN IN CHARGE OF THE LIMELIGHT WILL KINDLY THROW THE WORD UPON THE SCREEN!"

[*N.B.—He had provided the Slide in case of need.*

THE MILLIONS TO THE MILLIONAIRES.

[The men of Walworth have "improved the occasion" of the death of Baron HIRSCH by addressing an appeal to the millionaires of England.]

YE millionaires of England, how swellingly ye stand,
(Whilst CHAPLIN of the glittering glass laments about the land!)
We working men of Walworth are pining for a park,
And Baron HIRSCH has set ye all a lesson ye should mark.
The "elevation of the poor"—by other means than drink—
Were worthy work for millions like your own. What do *you* think?
Your "public spirit, looking out for means to help," might use
The moral yielded by the tale of the Baron and the Jews!

Ye millionaires of England, *we* number millions too,
But *ours* are hungry mouths to fill upon a paltry screw!
We working men of Walworth are often short of grub,
Our only home is in a slum, our only joy, the pub.
The difference between us, gents—as he may know who cares,—
Is—that we are the Millions, whilst you're the Millionaires!
That difference *looks* slight enough, O men big millions all worth,
But if you'd know its full extent—just come and visit Walworth!

Compensation.

"THERE is nae luck aboot the House!"
Pipes "Auld lang" LECKY, sour and pecky.
Cheer up! 'Twill not lack luck or *nous*,
Till men must sing "There is nae LECKY!"

MEREDITH, MORRIS, HARRISON, LECKY, lanky!
Genius great, fine talent, cleverness cranky!
But for a blend of worship and sly raillery,
Nought equalled the "New Gal" at the New Gallery!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—House met to-day as usual at three o'clock; adjournment of business automatic at clang of midnight. House being model business assembly, divided its opportunity into two parts. Up to nine o'clock it talked about how it would do its business. At the end of sixth hour it got to work upon one of most important bills of Session; a measure SQUIRE OF MALWOOD describes as revolutionising system of local taxation, and HENRY FOWLER denounces as the alternative iniquitously selected by Ministers, in place of taking off a penny from burden of long-suffering income-tax payer.

However this be, there is involved in measure subvention of a million and a half a year, drawn from pocket of taxpayer paid into pocket of agricultural ratepayer. To ordinary intelligence seems more useful to discuss this than to question whether private Members' time is or is not being taken earlier than usual this Session. House, of course, is far above range of average intelligence. It knows best, and it gave six freshest hours of sitting to animated discussion of order of procedure, leaving dregs of sitting to discussion of Agricultural Rating Bill.

Nor is this all calculated to dumbfounder Average Intelligence, represented by Man in Strangers' Gallery. Whilst procedure under discussion benches crowded. In one division 463 voted. Laughter and cheers from time to time rang through House. When the second reading Rating Bill came on, beggarly array of empty benches fronted SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, as he frizzled up SHAW-LEFEVRE vainly trying to hide himself in a top-coat under Gallery. TANNER so touched by this lamentable condition of affairs that, in midst of one of SQUIRE'S towering sentences, he moved a Count. Members trooped in in numbers sufficient to make a House, but fled from the wrath yet to come from BLANKNEY. It was all meant for SHAW-LEFEVRE; but spluttering sparks are not discriminating in their fall, and Members were safer outside.

SHAW-LEFEVRE not a Member of the House now, or of course wouldn't be under the Gallery. Is President of Royal Commission on Agriculture still sitting. Under CHAPLIN'S lead it mutinied; put the Captain under hatches; then marooned him and altered the log-book. Castaway rescued by passing whaler; worked his way home; wrote letter to newspapers attacking CHAPLIN and his Bill. The SQUIRE now rejoins with terrific force.

Doesn't seem to have much to do with second reading of Agricultural Rating Bill, but is quite in keeping with the *genus* of the sitting. *Business done.*—Talkee-talkee.

Tuesday.—No more morning sittings. The Assyrian of Treasury Bench has come down like a wolf on the fold of the private Member; eaten up his last ewe lamb, fluffy tail and all. Bitter complaints, more particularly of earliness of raid. Private Member, accustomed to being bullied, argues that at least he might have been left alone a little longer.

"Never knew such thing done before Whitsuntide," says OSBORNE MORGAN.

"Thank your stars it isn't before Easter," says the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who is in ominously cheerful mood. "Reminds me of a story O'NEILL DAUNT used to tell. Politically a dreadful man DAUNT. Worse than DAVITT; but great friend of LECKY'S. Must therefore be respectable man. Story about widow of Irish farmer riding home from her husband's funeral on crupper of a neighbour's horse. When they had trotted about quarter of mile from last resting-place of first husband, the farmer asked the widow to marry him. 'Of course I will,' she said. 'Why didn't you speak sooner?' That's what I say to PRINCE ARTHUR. He comes down on 27th of April and takes last vestige of Private Members' time. 'Why didn't you speak sooner,' I ask him."

This, the first appropriated day, used to push forward second reading Agricultural Rating Bill. Great interests touched. As DON JOSÉ, whilst still in state of sin, described situation, Ministers are robbing PETER to pay PAUL—PETER being the landless millions, PAUL the many-acred landlord. In such circumstance might expect benches crowded; House seething with excitement. On contrary, benches empty, save for Members who had prepared short essays, and jump up *en masse* in effort to catch SPEAKER'S eye when another, having finished reading his paper, drops the envied orb.

Only one man rises above level of depressing circumstances. ROBSON, Q.C., stirs sluggish pool with breezy speech. Admirable in matter, delivered straight out from the shoulder. Best thing yet done by new Member. SARK, nothing if not precise, says ROBSON not new Member, but second-hand. Been in before. That is trifling. He is new with this Parliament, and if he spares time to its debates will make his mark in it. But no man can serve two masters, especially when one is the insatiable House of Commons.

ROBSON spoke without a note. FINCH-HATTON had a sheaf, and they buried him in their abundance. It was the dawn that did it. In quietude of study, FINCH had born to him quite new idea about "dawn of better times" heralded by SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY'S Bill. This, of course, to be introduced at end of speech. Somehow or other notes got mixed. The dawn turned up in the middle of night, as it were, just at the time where FINCH meant to be telling the House a few quite proper stories about life in Australia. One misfortune led to another. There was Tyre and Sidon, with the close bearing of their history on our system of agricultural rating; would have made admirable point; but one sheet having got wrong, all the rest were out of gear; Tyre and Sidon came in in the wrong century. Then the dawn, with quite uncanny abruptness, turned up again, and FINCH, "welcoming it with open arms," as he said, sat down.

Breezy and Brilliant.
R-l-s-n, Q.C.

"All very well to laugh at FINCHEY," said SARK; "but he 's quite right. In old times of all-night sittings often seen a man stretching himself to welcome dawn with open arms; and open mouth too. We used to call it yawning. But FINCHEY is too poetic to put it that way."

Business done.—Debate on Agricultural Rating Bill.

May Day, 2 A.M.—Second reading Agricultural Rating Bill, carried by swinging majority. Had been big talk of all-night sitting. Members hurrying home or out to dinner froze the social circle with gloomy countenance. "Not a pleasant thing, you know," they said, "to be kept out of your bed all night listening to reiterated argument, or walking round and round the lobby as if it were a lap in a ten-mile heel-and-toe match, but it must be done. Country expects it, and no man should shirk his duty."

So they moodily sipped an extra glass of port and went off, ready to suffer all things, even grilled bones and devilled kidneys between two and three in the morning.

But present House isn't up to all-night sittings. By one o'clock, when JOKIM resumed seat after lively round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, there were hungry cries for the division. LOUGH moved adjournment. PRINCE ARTHUR pounced. Where there is amendment to original question, Closure involves three divisions. Each division takes from fifteen to twenty minutes. So, early on this May morning, round and round the division lobbies we went, as our forefathers footed it round the maypole. By putting on spurt, got through this process of legislation just inside fifty minutes; and so home to bed, with proud consciousness of having literally walked the Agricultural Rating Bill past a second reading.

SARK has given AKERS-DOUGLAS private notice of his intention to ask whether, in view of saving public time, there would be any objection to laying down cycle tracks in division lobbies. Has, with his usual thoroughness, gone into figures; finds that, without putting on dangerous speed, at least eight minutes would be saved on every division; equal in Session of ordinary duration to nine days.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill read second time, by 333 votes against 156.

Friday night.—There was a Member of the 1874 Parliament who made a reputation by concluding his speech with the remark, "And now Mr. SPEAKER, I will sit down by saying." To-night, CALDWELL beat him hollow. As usual in Committee of Supply, he was well to front, saying nothing in speeches of prodigious length. STUART-WORTLEY, in Chair, kept tight grip upon him.

"I must remind the hon. Member," he said, after CALDWELL had been rambling round for twenty minutes, "of the standing order against tedious repetition."

"I was only just finishing up," CALDWELL pleaded.

"Yes, but you've long since finished up your audience," responded STUART-WORTLEY. This, of course, *sotto voce*.

An hour later, he again came in contact with the inexorable Chair. Called to order, he showed disposition to argue point. Rebuked with increased sternness, he said, "Of course, Mr. STUART-WORTLEY, I am perfectly willing to sit down upon the point."

"Such sinful, lavish, extravagance," said SARK, really affected. "It was the only point in his remarks, and he sat upon it!"

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

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